









List of Emmons Roberts' Works

Memories of the Rev. .  
Fancies of Youth & Love and 2<sup>d</sup>  
Illustrations of Fisher's Views in Ind. 2<sup>d</sup> Vol.  
Oriental Scenes — 1 Vol.  
Scenes & Characteristics of Hindostan 5 Vol.

Samuel & Alley — both  
Langmuir Recs — both  
W. L. Allen — do  
Bull —  
Maxon — Rowensteen only  
~~Samuel & Alley~~  
Mr. Laune St. James St.  
Traversen Regt. St.  
Churton  
Effingham Wilson —

Theroldry — for Thomas Jefferson  
Rice Paper:  
140 white 67 Pink 66 green 52 yellow 42 blue  
22 — 51 — 39 — 54 — 40

Oh Jeanie cannot thou love me — 7  
 And become thy humble cot — 6  
 And with thee be my wedded wife — 8  
 And share my happy lot — 6  
 For I have wealth in store Jeanie — 8  
 And all I have is thine — 6  
 If thou wilt consent to leave me — 7  
 And say thou thou wilt be mine — 6  
 Oh well thou knowest my Willie — 7  
 That none on earth could — 6  
 Can love thee more or be so proud — 8  
 To be thy happy bride — 6  
 But I have still a mother — 7  
 A mother old and grey — 6  
 Story best untold, that I may first — 8  
 Tell true to me as yet — 6  
 3  
 And when I married & tender her — 8  
 And clothed her in her dress — 6  
 Ah was the day that I married her — 8  
 To send a sight to her — 6  
 Those noble women my humble cot — 8  
 Thy happy bride to be — 6  
 For well thou knowest that none on earth — 8  
 I have so dear as thou — 6  
 4  
 But Willie he was haughty & proud — 7  
 And could not brook delay — 6  
 He turned away from Willie's Jamie — 7  
 And nothing more did say — 6  
 But soon sought out another bride — 8  
 And one of high degree — 6

And guide forth his gentle hand — 0  
 With the blue pleased eye. — 6  
 It happened not long after — 7  
 That going near the vale — 16  
 He thought upon his Jeanie — 7  
 With her cheeks like ruby pale. — 7  
 He thought upon her humble cot — 0  
 And of her smother pore — 6  
 And then he turned his hoarse head — 0  
 To peep by Jeanie's door. — 6  
 6  
 The summer sun was setting — 7  
 So brightly in the West — 6  
 And an an and heath so wearily — 0  
 Were going home to rest. — 6  
 When Willie peeped his Jeanie's door — 0  
 Were oft he'd happy been — 6  
 But all was shut, and dark, and still, 0  
 And not a soul was seen. — 6  
 7  
 He left his home and wandered on — 0  
 His feelings to beguile — 6  
 And now he sees the old church yard 0  
 And now he crept the stile. — 6  
 And now he stood where two sun frames 0  
 Were covered o'er with sod. — 6  
 And now his hitherto heart exchequed 0  
 And "Is she gone to God?" — 6



So true it is and old men said  
 Who proph'd where he stood  
 But grieve not Sir that she is gone  
 To gentle and so good  
 She was the pride of all the vale  
 None could with her compare  
 And maidens flock'd to hear it told  
 How good she was and fair  
 She had an aged mother  
 Whom she did tend with care  
 And o'er her she did sing & smile  
 And soothe her pain with words  
 But when the widow hung her head  
 And clat'd her hollow eye  
 Jeanie neither sigh'd nor spoke —  
 With hands upon her breast  
 She ~~cast~~<sup>cast</sup> her eyes to Heaven  
 Born nothing still she said  
 And then she rose from off the earth  
 And laid her on her bed  
 One more she look'd to Heaven  
 And said beseechingly  
 Oh God thou art mine only friend  
 And so I go to thee.

She clat'd her <sup>11</sup> eyes for ever  
 With sorrow & sighs in tears surrounded at her side;  
 The maidens look'd in anxious doubt  
 But still they <sup>could</sup> not <sup>could</sup> shake off their fear  
 These thoughts that she would lie in state  
 A little near the stature





They said there in this wondrous spot  
 Round the green grass sod  
 And that they saw  
 15

The stranger's child and his seven  
 Born round him from the spot  
 He sought his horse and quickly passed  
 For Jeanie's lovely cot  
 He led him home, however said  
 He'd wander in the vale.  
 Nor did he name his Jeanie  
 Nor tell his tender tale

- 16

But sometimes when his little ones  
 One playing round his house  
 The ~~same~~ <sup>rule</sup> ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> the one the best  
 Who has the bluest eye  
 And if he pass a Luffie  
 With a cheek like Lily pale  
 The steps and looks and sighs  
 Of Jeanie — of the vale.

172 - A sign of our first

Sept 14<sup>th</sup>

Wrote a song for Mr. Russett.  
The Dorset one.

Wrote

Went to Mr. Russett's concert Mr. Barker  
Miss Mudders  
100 sent Mrs. Leigh Mrs. Lonsdale's Paper

Past - Present - & Future.

The past has teamed with sorrow  
Will not its displeasure  
The present is a blamable to me.  
Tranquilly with it over  
Over the future - smiling future  
Many have good gifts in store  
So I shall the blessing future  
Nor yet the past displeasure.  
The future will not bring me youth,  
And yet the one fondly crave  
Over it will point to second youth  
A youth beyond the grave,  
Where health and youth and beauty  
Is mine to me restore.  
So I shall the smiling future  
Nor yet the past displeasure.

Died on the last day of November - 1845  
while travelling from Port Phillip to the  
interior of Port Phillip George Frederick  
Charles Roberts the younger born 17th  
October 1802 formerly of the 10th  
Regt Dragoon - second lieutenant - 1st  
Battalion of Dragoons - where he died -  
and was buried at Guelph - After his death the  
major in George Frederick Charles - Consisted of  
2 years in the 10th Dragoon - 1st  
Battalion - 1st Regiment of Dragoons -



Our Meant Jeers - of Wm. Linsley  
David's.

Thou canst boast of Diamonds fair  
Thou canst boast of Jewels rare  
And thou canst boast of things more fair  
Those peerless eyes of thine.

Thou canst boast of praise of things  
And all the honors thine praise brings  
But far surpass - such pretty things  
Those peerless eyes of thine.

They speak of intellect most rare  
Of love of all that's good and fair  
Of laughing youth, no looking care  
Those peerless eyes of thine.

Yon tree one, or I should not divine  
That they've been steeped in grief & wine  
Yet still no outward sign they show  
Those peerless eyes of thine.

~~What they were once, I cannot say  
Our com I thought of yesterday  
When~~

Holt's Magazine.

in January 1841. Volume 1. No. 1. & 2. & 3.

2. The first volume is the first of the series. (The second volume is the second of the series.)

3. The second volume is the second of the series.

4. The third volume is the third of the series.

Over 1/2 of the volume is devoted to the history of the country.

In the Saturday Magazine  
for 10<sup>th</sup> October 1834

Published on the 10<sup>th</sup> of October 1834  
by the Proprietors, Messrs. G. & J. Colver  
Printers, 10, Abchurch Lane, London  
The Proprietors have the honor to  
acknowledge the receipt of the  
copy of the 10<sup>th</sup> of October 1834  
and to express their gratification  
at the success of the  
newly published Magazine.

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Official Journal

By the Lord Robert Grosvenor  
1834

The English Journal

The Geographical Journal

Library London, Paris &c.

Forster's Magazine 215 Regent St.

Paris - radical - Springfield & Marshfield

Constitutional Magazine  
Vol. 10 No. 10



1<sup>st</sup> Oct<sup>r</sup> Regent

Remission Thing of the Trustees - On  
Thursday 14<sup>th</sup> than completed

1<sup>st</sup> Thel 120 Pages Lines

2<sup>nd</sup> 51 Lines

3<sup>rd</sup> 50

4<sup>th</sup> 53

5<sup>th</sup> 53

6<sup>th</sup> 52

7<sup>th</sup> 53

27 1<sup>st</sup> Chapter

10 2<sup>nd</sup> - Chap

60

59

55

40

55

57

59

60

50

6

513

1014

1014

1014

1014

Mr Norton  
Wm Norton

has 19 of 20  
lines in a  
page -

36 letters in  
a line.

30 Letters in a

line 24 Lines in

a Page 30 Pages

in a 34

1000 Pages

1000

1014 These number of lines  
make 149 Pages of 14<sup>th</sup> May 4<sup>th</sup>  
Page's own. 30 Letters in a line.

324 Pages in a Volume 3 Volumes

1 <sup>st</sup> 100	200	210	10
2 <sup>nd</sup> 100	200	124	2
3 <sup>rd</sup> 100	200	145	3
4 <sup>th</sup> 100	200	160	4
5 <sup>th</sup> 100	200	180	5

Evangelical Register B 237 - 6

Painter 342 Strand. 330 7

The Christian Reformer 301 8

1<sup>st</sup> Thoswood & Co 202 9

Printers at Row 352 10

Asiatic Journal 400 11

Allen & Co 7 Leadenhall Street. 100 12

British & Foreign Review or 2107 13

European Quarterly Journal

Ridgway & Son Piccadilly

The New Monthly Belle Assemblée

The Educational Magazine

The Almanac for 4 Pages in advance

2 The Orphan's soliloquy answered.

The sun went down without a cloud.

A gorgeous robe did him enshroud.  
Gold and jewels bright were there.

The glowing sky, and earth were fair

The morning's dawn was fresh and gay,  
Bright as the smell of brightest May.  
Little thought we could be dead.

But on that day — my father died.  
Tears sudden — for he lifted my brow  
He said, 'my child, I've broken even,  
Through that grief could we be dead.  
That day — that very day — he died.

I did not weep, for friends were kind,  
They took my soul to be resigned  
But still my heart it seemed to swell  
My prostrate spirit to rebel.

They laid him in his narrow bed,  
No tears my starting eyes could shed  
I remembered as the sun went down.

The sun went down without a frown

I looked upon my father's bed,  
I pressed his pillow with my head,  
And then I remembered as he lay,  
This world is nothing now to me.



Come back - come back - my father dear  
For what home I - when thou art gone here  
No friends without thee can I find  
And yet, thou hast left me thus behind.  
Come back, if but my grief to chide  
My burning brow, my aching side  
Come back - nor thus - thy child forsake  
And thus my orphan heart to break.

A beauteous figure stood by me.  
His form was bright as eye could see.  
His brow was calm, his air was mild  
And thus he soothed his lovely child.

Forward, love: come back to thee  
For God has set my spirit free.  
The distance thry is now my home,  
Where pain and sorrow <sup>never</sup> may come.

Forward leave those realms of light  
For this dark world, where all is night.  
Forward then, come back to thee,  
But thou shalt surely follow me.

Thou the burning of my head,  
My aching heart - beat loud and true  
I raised my arms to flee away.  
I awoke. it was eternal day.

The Boston Record  
beginning in June 1835 -

Captain Marriatti's Things Over -

The miles rule - indeed  
Miss Jane Pollock - Leonard Island  
Humble Mrs. Watson's Wife & Thomas's (Kin)

The miles are rule for a Roman  
as something - for a man

Mrs. Pierce Butler's Journal -

A Book that did me good - I feel  
all the imperfections which have  
brought me so much trouble - but  
still - I like her & her Book.

Captain Marriatti's Tales of the Pacha  
3 Volumes - I do not like -

Washington Irving's Abbotsford  
& Newstead Abbey - poor &  
unoriginal - but the Little white

Purdy said but interesting her  
name Sophia Thyer.

July -

Harry Calverly 3<sup>rd</sup> Edition great new  
good Sir - The

The Natural Son translated from  
the German by David Aldrich -  
Strange - most strange - enough  
for half a dozen novels.

Fishers views on India with  
unmarked by Emma Roberts -  
Beautifully got up and the  
account is both well interesting  
and pleasant.

Characteristics of the Eastern  
by H. Roberts - very charming  
and interesting - 3 V -

The good man - Cliff Hill College  
very interesting book - a waste  
when - I like - the principal  
characters - a very good and  
interesting book - I have seen it -  
I think it is a very good book



The Ladies our Mercantile War  
Sutbury & Co Stationers Court.

The Gentlemen's Pocket Remembrances  
Telling and Sons Fleet Street  
Parnsey's Ladies Fashionable Repository  
To the Editor to the care of Mess<sup>rs</sup> L. Eng-  
man & Co — or to the Publisher Ipswich  
2 from Miss Strickland.

Marshall's Ladies Fashionable Repo-  
sitory. Sutbury & Co Stationers Court.

The Snobbery — Before the 1<sup>st</sup> August  
free of Postage and directed to the Editor  
at G. H. Furbush's Snobbery, Suffolk.

The Book of M'annet. Published  
by Harvey Published by  
H. Spooner Regent Street.

16<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup> 1835 after reading  
W. Norton's Morris and reward.

All is over now Rosa All is over now!  
I think not of thy fickle love  
Nor heed thy broken vow  
I smile not in thy graceful form  
Nor bless thy sunny brow  
For there cometh love another  
So all is over now!

All is over now Rosa All is over now!  
But think not that I'll break <sup>heart</sup> my  
For one so false as thou  
How I smile love another  
Who will not break her vow  
But will love on thro' life & death  
So all is over now!

He is our own Leo life is over now  
I cannot lose thy brilliant eyes  
I've kept thy memory here.





Thompson to other Lower Eastern members  
be sent.

Rev. Mr. Anderson	1
Miss Anderson	3
Rev. Mr. Brown	2
Mr. Anderson	2
Mr. Brown	1
John Anderson	1
Miss Anderson	1
Miss Anderson	1
Miss Anderson	1

Order of Lancaster Printing  
of the Society opened 10 March 1836.  
10 March Recd 6 Copies—  
25 April 2 Copies in  
Lancaster Room published  
21<sup>st</sup>



My Mother John	1
(The wife Mary Ann)	1
(The my friend Fred	2
x Miss Mary	1
x Miss Mary	2
Miss Mary	2
Miss Mary	1x
Miss Mary	1x
x Miss Mary	1
Miss Mary	1
Miss Mary	1
Miss Mary	1
Miss Mary	1



2  
I am very glad to hear that after  
time on reading one copy of  
L'Espresso and the interesting of the East.

What poor (I am) thoughtless and  
inadequate description.

I must not touch this time, for  
there is a life that must be,  
the rest of the world is the same.

Our country is in a crisis  
There seems another fairer land  
Whom we have not yet seen.

But such is the state of the world,  
Or because of the great need,  
For we avoid the rocky shore,  
To which my fancy led.

Though I am not good thing to do  
Our world is a world of many  
But there is a fallacy in the  
"Imagination" of the world!!



Learn and above that! Let me see,  
How fast on my own shade,  
How fast on my own shade,  
How fast on my own shade,  
How fast on my own shade.

For that the world's its friends forakes,  
When wisdom is in place,  
Learn and above that! 'tis all for me,  
(Dare then you make the last?)

But I am my friend. How'd I do then,  
Then, therefore, should I do so?  
Then let my pleasure in delight  
My pleasure in my way.

I have my head on my own side,  
Observe! But no more to be  
And then the account of my pen,  
That softly over my heart.

Who have not with ringing voice,  
Who yet will sing thy praise  
And tell how good thou art, it not were?  
Could there not feel its rays?

These are the "Ghosts" whom I hear  
And still they seem his ways.  
Who thus are leading influence  
That spread about the world.

Does he not shine alike over all,  
And are his blessings not a chain  
With him upon you - Eden stem  
O. Leontopogon and many more?

Twice over come thee, for ever see,  
Thou art shut full of many a  
And twice die over thee, Eden stem,  
Thy face twice all seen.

He was with another hand  
Long shadow from the mist  
Told me with another name,  
I thought, see, of Eden stem  
But twice go - wherever thou goest  
I'll ever be with thee  
And when thou goest, twice die  
No face, no shadow, no shadow.

Twice as thou my faithful friend,  
I found again my heart  
And when thou goest, twice die  
O. Leontopogon and many more.

On Mr. Martin's Picture of the  
The death of the English -  
The scene is sweet & calm, and so at last  
And our hearts are as if her grief, unceasing  
Largely, another, and a child left alone,  
Fishing, in vain, Ours! she near had been  
Other mourners bow in solemn silence there,  
Some deep in thought, and some fast asleep,  
When the mother, ~~standing by the side~~  
Thus broke the silence with her accents wild.  
Woe, my boy! my boy! my boy!  
Thy father's hope, thy mother's joy,  
Thy name was once a name, thy life was once a life,  
Tell us, who this dead soul's home  
Who has slain our first-born son?  
Sings me that question, once thou son,  
Thou art his life, his only joy,  
Her love's first pledge, her secret prayer,  
Her quicken thought, her daily care.



[illegible]

Since then canst love another  
N 12 May 1846

22

Since then canst love another  
Thou hast sworn to me  
And I will give thee back again  
My gently purged heart  
And may it prove to thee no false to mine  
As once thou wast to me;  
And more no fear of I do now,  
Thine infidelity.

Since then canst love another,  
Thou hast sworn to me  
For when thou art separate,  
I have then no love, should  
And ever be thy faithful friend,  
But truly felt by him  
Who then has sworn to thy love, and  
And cannot but love to thee.

Since then canst love another,  
I will not then declare,  
But I will still my heart to thee  
And I will give thee no more  
For thou art which once is doubled  
Thine heart, can restore  
And when thou no longer is  
The love of heart of love is over.



There was a time

There was a time and many  
That thou wilt love me sweet  
And be true to me all the  
The world is with me but  
I would have nothing for  
I would have nothing for  
But the my heart is so sweet  
The world is with me but

There was a time and many  
That thou wilt love me sweet  
And be true to me all the  
The world is with me but  
I would have nothing for  
I would have nothing for  
But the my heart is so sweet  
The world is with me but

There was a time and many  
That thou wilt love me sweet  
And be true to me all the  
The world is with me but  
I would have nothing for  
I would have nothing for  
But the my heart is so sweet  
The world is with me but



The scene is in a valley, and the valley is  
 filled with the ruins of the ancient city.  
 The ruins are in various stages of decay.  
 Some are still standing, but many are  
 in ruins. The ruins are in various  
 stages of decay. Some are still standing,  
 but many are in ruins. The ruins are  
 in various stages of decay. Some are still  
 standing, but many are in ruins. The  
 ruins are in various stages of decay.

[illegible]

...the heart of the generous and brave  
That's not lovely the heart of an unjust distrust  
Is ready to rush and to save.

The heart that feels deeply woman's sorrows,  
The sight and her beauty, was her true  
That can love, and even love the life of suffering,  
Now cannot, now in doubt, or in fear.

Give me a heart that is void of all guilt,  
The heart of the generous and brave  
That's not lovely the heart of an unjust distrust  
Is ready to rush and to save.

Give me the heart that is ready to love  
To give his power to his brother  
And give me the tongue that is ready to give  
Word and the promise of another.

Give me the heart that is ready to love  
The heart that is ready to love  
As a lover, friend, brother, or mother  
And if such can give me such a gift  
I would not ask for another  
Give me the heart -







[illegible]







If I talk of the future  
Must be "under the will"  
For who of the golden dawn shall  
They are faultless as human  
When we "shoot with a bow"  
Too long for the woman to bite.

To in fear of quote  
Of him to inside  
What many please to the beautiful  
"It is no use to try  
So I wish you good bye"  
But fears of myself don't tell.

P. L. Kille marks above +  
There is saying of old  
Which perhaps you have seen  
Was a hint to a blessing youth  
That "He shot a long bow"  
Which means you must know  
He did not shoot to the truth.

The City of London Museum. 11  
on the South side of the River.

But what when I could not meet 6  
I had nothing else but to wait. 7  
It really is a bad time. 8  
As my constant trouble. 9  
But now, perhaps you will say 10  
to be sure, but what then? 11

The other day I had been 12  
going to the City of London for the first time. 13  
and I had not come to call. 14  
I had expected from something - 15  
the name of London with his wife. 16  
to see and meet the same. 17  
I had not and called at a door 18  
where I had of servants half a score. 19  
Perhaps there might be some that would 20  
who called on, or from door to door. 21  
And I had not been to the same. 22  
I had not the same life as I had. 23

The out colony - but there were more of  
Opposition friends in haste  
And then the meeting stood ~~at~~  
As if to guard our souls  
And then they sat and ~~there~~  
Read the ~~new~~ ~~and~~ ~~new~~ ~~new~~

Minister and the strong array  
That guarded the ~~land~~ ~~land~~  
But our ships are ~~stray~~ ~~away~~  
Fill quite within the land  
And then I ~~had~~ ~~ed~~ ~~ed~~ ~~ed~~ ~~ed~~  
And then I ~~had~~ ~~ed~~ ~~ed~~ ~~ed~~ ~~ed~~

The Ladies <sup>the most</sup> ~~the most~~ ~~the most~~ ~~the most~~  
Which seemed almost the ring of ~~horns~~  
With some the more than ~~horns~~ ~~horns~~  
And said soft things about the ~~horns~~  
The ladies ~~smiles~~ ~~of~~ ~~horns~~ ~~of~~ ~~eyes~~  
And ~~guard~~ ~~the~~ ~~horns~~ ~~of~~ ~~eyes~~

Not knowing what to say and so  
I stepped around me etc. 6  
To see if any force there  
amidst the <sup>great</sup> range and valley creeds  
But none but the great and mighty friends  
and the thousands of the good company  
To think about what to do in song. 6

I stepped, as <sup>one</sup> stepped around 6  
At table and my view  
And in it, among pretty looks 6  
Of every size and line 6  
But none there was of beauty rare 6  
A lady's early thought of care 6  
This look of beauty struck my eye 6  
Gave <sup>was</sup> lovely to behold 6  
I was bound in velvet, like the sky 6  
And stretched out with gold 6  
And given, I thought the love of hands  
This gave the name of the young hands 6



Although there would be no great harm  
to break the habit of looking  
at the ground and not at the  
face of the other of the ladies  
which I find among the noble men,  
to think what each of them do.

The light of life. The scene around,  
 And all their mourning robes,  
 I placed my hand within the band  
 And on that robe of robes  
 A fatal moment! fatal look  
 That e'er on their faces shone.

[illegible]

You are here, and then (in the store)  
I know it - by your pocket.  
Now for my old-fashioned silver  
And look at all my books.  
But this that is so very clear  
The cash - for your new (I believe)

This is my other place. How nice,  
To have a room in a house  
And there - indeed - you must <sup>wait</sup> inside  
And be a poor - man's boy - <sup>wait</sup>  
And then the ladies closed around  
As if in a culture they had found  
I was in my paper before  
Was placed in such a station  
And then to finish that I must write  
On the - my education  
So then I looked upon the floor  
And then I looked towards the door.  
As she towards the table glen  
And then <sup>action</sup> towards the door's



And let thy dear Mistress into thee come -  
 For thou art the true stone most true to my  
 Since thou wilt be with me only here and now.

Love. You wear Boston with very great ease.  
Spring has all the looks for you alone.  
For those with-out-stide come as strong as  
not speak of any haunts from morning till night.

Those were - with them every day. They  
They told me it's a real Lie with many eyes.  
I wish - that the world was a better place.  
What it seems to be nothing but every day.

Danish took the Indians these men and  
 to house them from them of extra size  
 the which were larger than you'll find  
 And some had horses they are not of the size  
 as a horse of the size of a horse

But perhaps it is better not to trouble. I have  
 your orders upon me. I am not worthy to be  
 in the place of a <sup>man</sup> of your rank, & all mine are with  
 me. ~~and I am~~ He always writes.





Smile down a million golden,  
Down by the water-side  
That sea it's a million of laughing  
And the rippling water.  
How <sup>the</sup> the warm for anything

[illegible]

Aug 26<sup>th</sup> Sept 1836 Sunday Dal.

Timid gazelle, timid gazelle,  
With black & brilliant eye.

Why wouldst thou, why wouldst thou  
So lowly prostrate be.

Where wouldst thou, where wouldst thou  
Timid gazelle, so fair.

Look thou another eye, that bright  
O'er looks, or in his hair.

Timid gazelle, timid gazelle,  
With black and brilliant eye.

Why wouldst thou, why wouldst thou  
So lowly prostrate be.



In the 10<sup>th</sup> of Sept. 1836 I began to <sup>teach</sup> Matthew's  
Gospel.

To ask	1	Chapter	16	times
	2		23	

October

Daniel

5

26 to 210 times.









Great and glorious Lord God  
thou who didst put thy light prime-  
val darkness - do thou drive on me, and  
from my soul, chase away the gloom  
of thoughts of error and of doubt!  
(Drive - down - thine ever lasting light  
in me, and purge my soul from  
sin! God of creation! Wondrous Lord  
of life and death, Oh! hear and  
pity me!

---

In many of the years - 1839 - I have read  
the works which contain the Gospels  
examined and compared - The plan of  
the Boston Transcript quite my own I have  
read into 12 columns which can be easily  
arranged, two on each side, as the Book  
you send is presented to the eye - each page  
being headed by the names of the four Evangelists  
and then are being placed the first is Matthew  
and the other three - and thus proceed with him  
and the other three - ~~the same is repeated~~  
and then having been evidently gone through  
the work is commenced with the other three  
in Matthew - the other two in Luke  
and the same in Mark.

Matthew commences - with the	
Genealogy of Christ which Th: 1	
Genealogy of Christ	1
the conception & birth of Christ	2
The Wise men bringing a Gift	3
the flight into Egypt	4



The first on the scene - Carlos Schmitt  
 Lady Grace's mother and suspicion of her  
 - Carlos Schmitt - Susan's first  
 being established - a severe refusal  
 - The mother's anger - Lady Grace  
 married immediately - birth of child  
 death - Susan's disgust of the world  
 later his two children gave <sup>birth to</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>children</sup>  
 their to devote all of being their life -  
 Susan's no longer gone from Lady's  
 - Carlos Schmitt - Susan's first  
 Carlos Schmitt's mother - Susan's  
 a devoted obedient person - he and his  
 Lady's - Carlos Schmitt's - the first  
 to go a journey - Lady's - Carlos Schmitt's  
 in a very warm with - <sup>each</sup> to a small  
 (Susan's mother) - Carlos Schmitt's - Susan's  
 - they came to the different  
 - the first to the other Susan's  
 - Susan's mother - Susan's  
 - Susan's mother - Susan's

[illegible]



[illegible]

...the weather - Grace - On the 2nd ...  
...the 1st ...  
...the 2nd ...  
...the 3rd ...  
...the 4th ...  
...the 5th ...  
...the 6th ...  
...the 7th ...  
...the 8th ...  
...the 9th ...  
...the 10th ...  
...the 11th ...  
...the 12th ...  
...the 13th ...  
...the 14th ...  
...the 15th ...  
...the 16th ...  
...the 17th ...  
...the 18th ...  
...the 19th ...  
...the 20th ...  
...the 21st ...  
...the 22nd ...  
...the 23rd ...  
...the 24th ...  
...the 25th ...  
...the 26th ...  
...the 27th ...  
...the 28th ...  
...the 29th ...  
...the 30th ...  
...the 31st ...



As by such copies the story of human progress  
Shall be to the world's eyes made known.  
The flag-stone with its quiet lie,  
Remotely to receive its doom.  
Then lastly drops it down to rest,  
And never more by living feet.  
But when with sounding tramp and drum  
The flag to Forted Fields does come;  
And by its low its hoars are high -  
To mark the gulf of Freedom's Bay.  
And then with living warriors' trust  
And the poor flag is laid in dust,  
Then it is, dearest, and then it is,  
And in its shade, close on our way,  
Below our banner of great name,  
And all who seek to win the name  
Are found to bear the flag and live.  
And to the world's eyes made known.  
And then the flag of Freedom's Bay,  
For such it is, with a noble smile,  
And then it is, and then it is,  
Triumphantly in the silence of the night.  
Answer to George Loring  
1877.

My husband will declare  
 the quality necessary to the man  
 who can afford to require it, and  
 who can afford to be annoyed by it.  
 The accompanying slight, & somewhat, thin,  
 though, I am sure, a fine piece of  
 the last of the best, & yet, the most  
 common, & the first of the  
 best, & the most, & the best...  
 The quality of the first of the  
 best, & the most, & the best...  
 The quality of the first of the  
 best, & the most, & the best...

*[Faint handwritten notes, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.]*



Of Tasso my heavenly head on high  
As Tasso sweep the lofty shore,  
From brown leage bones the knee to me  
And I watch ever liberty.

When lo! I take another form  
To such a Cottage do not seem  
Which in a Palace I am seen  
Or in a <sup>most elegant</sup> ~~beautiful~~ Country Town  
Again I change, and wear another form  
Where the vine bedecked the ground,  
Or where the Apple and the Pear  
Are changed to juice - lo! I am there.  
These various forms my first will take,  
And now my second will make.  
At gardens and fairs I am seen  
At Church-yards and at Court-houses  
And in a desert I have been  
To share the riches and mine own.  
My whole 'Alas!' is sorrow's tale,  
The Lover's, Orphan's, Widow's wail  
The hardest heart would tender grow  
To hear the crying and woe

That it entails — and yet 'tis found,  
To have support in Rindeshgann  
Ours England's fame and glory lies  
By the strength and power that it gives  
Proof — Jan 7.  
Sent to Lady Mary 31<sup>st</sup> May 1807.

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[illegible]

[illegible]



[illegible]



Waltham 23 - October Having been unable to  
write for 10 days.

O most gracious Lord God Almighty I  
look up to Thee with grateful thanks giving  
that I am enabled to take up my pen again  
aided by the power of Edward - R. with me.  
and bless me - Bless all who are with  
me - I write this day - Thy blessing company  
all that are with me either with or without.  
Therefore do Thou give me that I may  
exchange to be with me - and that I shall  
have all that this world can give - but  
not to me - Bless me therefore O  
my Father through the merit of the  
merits of the Lamb of God from  
the foundation of the world - Bless me  
with the Grace of the Holy Spirit - the  
Pardon of the Redeemer - and Thy  
Love - the Love of the Holy & Blessed  
Trinity Amen.

12 February 51 I was returning from taking some  
Books to Orlish's Library - and visiting Mrs Smith in Red  
Lion Square - when just as I was about to pass the  
"Literary Institution" - an old Penn. Lady - begged my  
pardon - for troubling me - and asked if I belonged to the  
"National. & Benevolent Institution" I replied in the  
negative - when she said - "But perhaps - you may have a  
friend - or an acquaintance - who does - and that is my  
business of life. I hope you will forgive my asking you to do  
something for me" she then ran down her face - as she said - I  
may be able to scribble on the Nov<sup>2</sup> when the next lecture  
takes place, but - after that - I cannot - so - that I hope you  
will excuse this Liberty" Feeling a natural compassion for the  
poor old Lady - who gave me her hand - I said I was going in the  
contrary direction from that in which she had to go -  
and if she would like to walk a short distance - I would  
converse with her - She complied - but her lameness made it a  
very tiresome affair - when - I asked her if she had ever heard  
of mesmerism - She replied - that she had - but - that she  
understood it was very expensive - While then - I replied - - will you  
like to go to the Mesmeric Hospital - I will introduce you  
there - and procure you the list of Subscribers - She then  
acquiesced - and we walked on - till we came to  
Bedford Street - Bedford Square - I asked for the Secretary  
of the Hospital who - immediately saw me - and asked  
me the necessary questions of the old Lady - respecting  
her complaint - and having satisfied himself - as to  
many particulars he proceeded to prescribe her -

55 Bb<sup>th</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup> 1037.

A tribute at the Tomb of the ~~Late Lord~~  
~~Agnes~~ ~~the~~ ~~was~~

The Poor Man's friend.  
The Late Lord Earl of Agmont.

Let pity stoop low in her sorrow,  
Let mercy be made o'er his lies,  
and if any his faults would discover  
Oh! let them not mention them here.

For he was the poor Man's friend!  
Let the earth grieve gently <sup>lightly</sup> ~~over~~ his loss,  
And withhold spring from his sod,  
Let his justice mount from earth up to Heaven  
Where he sings the praises of God.

For he was the poor Man's friend!  
Let faith who has shown us a Mother,  
A Saviour in whom we may trust,  
Defence that his journey is ended.

That he lives with the shades of the just

For he was the poor Man's friend!  
Let hope gently leaving o'er us,  
Point up to the seat of the Blest  
and smiling in <sup>heavenly</sup> ~~angelic~~ and ready  
Tide the full heart that he is at rest

For he was the poor Man's friend!

Let charity <sup>reign</sup> ~~take~~ the world over  
Another as generous to find.

Who the watched e'er sought to discover  
And to all was both liberal and kind.

For he was the poor man's friend!

Who food to the hungry would furnish

The thirsty with drinks would supply.

Who clothed with clothing would cover

And the tear of affliction would dry.

For he was the poor man's friend!

The sick on his couch he would visit

The captive set free from his side,

And his ear quickly caught at the story

The tongue of affliction <sup>his fortune</sup> would tell.

For he was the poor man's friend!

Thus faith hope and charity joining

Rejoice that his course has been run

Whilst his spirit shall hear the blessing

Thou <sup>or</sup> servant of God <sup>thou</sup> hast well done

T



Rev<sup>d</sup> of Lady Twiss 6 Copies of Edwin &  
Mary & 6 of Reclaimed Family.

Edwin & Mary

Reclaimed — 2

Roberts — 2

Lady B — 1

Rev<sup>d</sup> Family

Roberts — 3

Lady — 1

L B — 1

25<sup>th</sup> May Dr Macdonald<sup>St.</sup> walked home with me - 26<sup>th</sup>  
Wed<sup>nd</sup> 27<sup>th</sup> Heard from Mr Bent to Mr Wood about adver-  
tisement 20 too ill to go out, worked & read - 29 Still  
unwell - 30<sup>th</sup> Dr Taylor (to R - Mr Thomson heard  
from Mrs B the delightful news that she had given her  
dear Grand daughter Lady Anne Chandos Pole -  
30<sup>th</sup> wrote 2 to Daughters 31<sup>st</sup> <sup>Friday</sup> saw Tegner's face who came  
on the 30<sup>th</sup> Went to the Crystal Palace exterior - in the  
evening went to Mr Lord - who was going to Opera with Miss  
Ridley - saw Mr Tucker - Heard from Mr Lushington  
to Mr Wood - 1<sup>st</sup> June Sunday - Heard from Mr Wood Went  
to Perry Chapel to hear Montgomery - His Text Job "Touching  
the Almighty - what canst thou know?" I was pleased - and  
felt thankful that I could sit out the service - but alas! as  
sooner was the air - moved by the movement of the Congre-  
gation to go out - than I became ill - how I got home  
I cannot say - but I am now entered the House - these  
fairings came upon me - and I felt "Nigh unto death  
ministry" - 2<sup>nd</sup> Still ill - over exhausted - my hands & feet  
and I must move at a snail but "single story of the poor"  
singing that she looked ill - I asked her the cause - she has  
said - "I have been rather upset - for my Father came to London  
yesterday - by the train - Sunday - slept at one of my mother's and  
came this morning early half past six to see me - first to get his  
breakfast - and then to see the Exhibition - He wrote to my Mother to



My he was safe & well and then started off with my husband  
to see the Exhibition - but it has quite upset me for he  
is an old man eighty years of age. My brother  
lives at Clerkenwell - so he had a good walk before  
his breakfast and he came in at half past six  
he is to meet a grand nephew at the Exhibition -  
they go in together and my husband will come home  
What said I and not go in - he? replied she - we  
could not manage that - Poor People! then the  
old man is to go to Parkham for to - night - to  
another son - and then on his way home see another  
son - and meet his faithful old wife again about  
Midbury in Essex - about sixty miles from Town.

I pulled on Miss Briggs - who is very ill - Mrs Leigh  
King is also - The Town Gallery -

17<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup> - my Pension

11<sup>th</sup> July rec<sup>d</sup> 30 £ from Howells & Rev<sup>d</sup> Arch<sup>d</sup> Doyle



